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EXTRACTED FROM THE

MEMOIRS

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The Conversion and dying Experience

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L A T E O F B ———

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THE following is an extract of a manuscript under her own hand, left by the deceased in the hands of her father, shortly before her departure.

It must be premised, that she began this manuscript, giving an account of the Lord's dealings with her soul, in the year 1778, when she was about 18 years of age, though the following extract takes it up from the year 1781; the year in which her dear mother entered into the rest of the Lord; soon after which event, she was heard to say, it seemed to her, as if she herself should soon follow her. In the spring of 1782, she was taken ill, with appearances of an approaching consumption; which, in the course of four years (all means failing of success) reduced her to a mere skeleton, and proved the means the Lord made use of to accomplish his perfect will and her own incessant longings of being taken to see and be with her Bridegroom for ever.

I will only add, that to those who had any discernment of her interior character, from childhood, it was evident, that from her earliest years, Jesus had marked

her for his own, as a vessel of electing grace, till grace had finally ripened her into glory.

She writes as follows,

March 18, 1781. " It was in this year (after I had received the Holy Communion for the first time) I received Jesus into my heart, as my own dear Saviour, and gave myself entirely to him, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death shall convey me into his dear arms and bosom. Since that awful and blessed event took place, I have been in a more particular school of grace than ever before, but in the midst of all that I feel as the product of a wretched nature, I neither have nor can doubt for one moment of the reality of that precious truth, that *my Beloved is mine and I am his*. Our Lord is now impressing upon my mind the necessity of deep humility; when he confers on me a still and quiet frame of spirit he meets me, and talks about these things with such power and life as constrains me to cry out, "Never man spake like this man." He tells me, with his still small voice, that I can only be so far united to him, as I partake of that spirit of humility, which was so evidently displayed in his whole suffering life in this world: that it is in *that*, I must imitate him; that it is by this means I can truly learn to comprehend his sufferings; and that the reason why I am yet so deficient in this point, is because my greatness can in no wise understand his littleness; that in proportion as I grow in this grace, I shall know why my excessive pride, obliged him even to submit to the death of the cross; Oh what lessons are these, taught by the Spirit of God! I feel an eager desire to attain to this resurrection from the dead, even the entire death of my own nature.

Aug. 1, 1781. " Having been for some time in a very dry state of heart, and the time for the Holy

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Communion drawing near, in my great perplexity whether I should venture to go or not, the following prayer was the language of my heart.

“ O my dear Saviour, look down in thy tender mercy and pity on me: *I have destroyed myself; but in thee is my help found.* O may thy will be done in me! I am still thine, though I have proved an adultress to thee, *look at my affliction and pain, and forgive me all my sin,* O my God! I dare not approach thy table with an unwashed heart; I dare not go unto the marriage-supper without a wedding-garment; wilt thou invite me, then cloath me likewise, that I be not found naked? that I may not solemnly mock thy holy name, by eating and drinking to my condemnation. O dear Redeemer, be pleased to tell me what to do; *mine eyes are upon thee.* Whatever is thy will, shall be mine also. It will be equal love and mercy, that says, stay, or go; yet, dearest Lord, I shall feel a pungent grief in having so soon proved unfaithful to thee my heavenly Bridegroom, after having been united to thee by the closest ties, even that near relation of being one spirit, flesh, and bone with thee. My gracious Saviour, if thou wilt permit me to taste of thy supper, I will go as the prodigal, unworthy of the smallest crumb, and through thy grace, will hold thee so fast as not to let thee go from me again; I depend entirely upon thee, that thou wilt do whatever is most for my real good, and furtherance and joy of faith; therefore into thy hands I can chearfully commit my whole self, body, soul, and spirit. Amen.

Sept. 4, 1781. “ After much prayer to our Lord, feeling a calmness in my spirit, I ventured in his name to taste of his supper, which was to me a divine repast. Ah! said I, how close is our connection on each Lord's Supper day! might I but continue in thy love; but two days were elapsed, before my Beloved
had

had again withdrawn himself. From that time to this, I have been like one alone; nothing afforded me any joy, because my best Love was gone. When I could pray, I poured out my groanings before him, for my spirit longed to be entirely devoted to him; but I seemed to be very, very far from this mark. Death was all I could perceive, and that pervaded all my thoughts, words, and actions: yet I firmly believed that I should not continue in this state. This morning has brought to my heart all that I wished for: Jesus himself drew near and spoke to me. It was in this manner, I was praying to be devoted to his name, to be lively and active in his service, *to be as he was in this world*; but it seemed a great event to be brought about; for I felt the reverse of all that was good. The still small voice said, it all springs from want of real love to Jesus himself; then, said I, how shall I attain to this? the answer was, by a sight of *his* love to you. The more you know of him, and what he did for you, the more you must and will love *him*; then I began to pray earnestly for a sight of his dying love; but his Spirit said again, before you can obtain this sightfully, you must be in a great measure like the suffering Saviour in his meek and lowly form, in your own soul, otherwise you cannot comprehend his sufferings and death, nor the reason why he was obliged to endure it for you; for your pride and his humility can never meet together. Now I saw plainly by the Spirit of God, why I had been for some months past in a state of barrenness, and seemed to have lost my connection with the Saviour; for this very thing was brought closely to my heart about four months ago, and by my inattention to the Spirit's teachings, I had lost that clue; and because I could not recover it again, thought my best Friend was angry with me; but all his dealings with me, have been the effect of
infinite

infinite love; in very faithfulness he was trying to humble me, and prove me, and shew me what was in my heart, that I might obtain my desires; but I did not understand his meaning, and very often thought he dealt hardly with me; and this because my proud spirit would not bow before him and confess, *I am the sinner*. I thought he had left me, because I had grieved him, which he had just cause to do; but did not know the depth of mercy he intended by it. O what precious love has he at length shewn me! I now know whereabouts I am: and what is the first thing I must learn before I can go any further: even to be as a worm before him; having my own spirit subdued and brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. He has promised me that when this is the case I shall indeed experience his dying love. O may I be found faithful to his Spirit, not turning a deaf ear to any of his reproofs, but may every occurrence within and without, tend to make me as nothing before my all-wise Potter. I now feel his peace in my heart, and that he forgives me freely all my past sin and folly. I therefore rejoice in prospect of the approaching communion, believing it will be a real strengthening to body and soul to go on in this path.

March 10, 1782. As every visit of my dearest Lord, is an important season to my heart, I cannot pass by unnoticed many precious interviews which my soul has enjoyed since I last wrote. The work begun has been carried on, and I hope taken deeper root. I feel an eager desire to die with Jesus; that is, to have the old man in me crucified by the power of his death. When I shall be able to say with a divine certainty that this event has taken place in me, my Saviour only knows; but one thing he has assured me of (*viz.*) that it shall be when he sees best. At present I see and feel more than ever I did before, *where the strong holds*

holds of satan are, even where his seat is, and that he is more willing to relinquish his power over me in every other respect, than that this usurper, Self, should be laid low at the feet of Jesus. For many days past, my soul has been in great heaviness, because the enemy has such power over me, and I feel no spirit nor strength to resist him : but Jesus my almighty Conqueror does not fail to step in when all my weak efforts have proved of no avail. My prayer is, that this work of humiliation may be carried forwards every day. O my dear Jesus, do with me what thou wilt ! deal with me how thou wilt ; only let me be as thou wouldst have me. I wish but what thou my Bridegroom seeest best : I want to come continually to the light of thy bleeding wounds, that every work of darkness may be made manifest, and my soul be brought into the full liberty of thy children.

Nov. 7, 1784. Soon after writing the above, I was seized with an illness of the consumptive kind, which has continued to this day. I have been alternately better and worse ; and am still far from being recovered, so that it often seems dubious how it will terminate ; be this as it may, I am perfectly satisfied, knowing that the will of my God will be done ; but I cannot here omit saying something of his inward dealings with me, to which the outward have also been made subservient. During this illness I have had innumerable opportunities of seeing how deeply hidden Self lies in the heart ; even entwined in every thought. I have foolishly endeavoured to rid myself of it by an exact watchfulness over every thought ; but this method has answered no other end, than to leave me more dry and hopeless of ever attaining my wishes. I have also been made to believe that the simple application of the precious blood of Jesus to the heart, could effectually remove whatever was contrary to the

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the divine nature. It is my great grief, that I have so seldom made the experiment: Human reason is a powerful bar to this simplicity of faith; and if possible, would hinder my entering into this great reality of becoming a little child; nothing but a close attention to the Holy Spirit's teachings, and a deaf ear to the voice of every stranger, can possibly effect a change so great: I have been for some months past, in a particular near connection with my dear Lord. Growing worse in my health, I thought this illness might finish my course below: and though I never had a dread of departure, but felt a confidence in our Saviour, believing that if he saw fit to take me, he could soon finish his work and would certainly take me to himself; yet upon examining my heart strictly, I found so many things contrary to the Spirit of Jesus, as often made me weep in secret before him. This did not lessen my confidence; but only made me very jealous over myself, lest I should not fully apprehend his aim with me, and so rest satisfied short of the Pearl. O how busy was the enemy at this period, when he saw that my spirit could not live out of Jesus, in puzzling my mind with a variety of immaterial things, to keep me from possessing the hid treasure! Grievously harrassed have I often been, till, with Mary, I could sit at the feet of Jesus, and hear his words only. O blessed stillness of the heart, when the voice of the Beloved, is alone attended to, and every enemy keeps silence before him! What the Holy Spirit seems to be most active in at present, is to lead me, or rather prepare me to understand the great mystery of the cross and passion of Jesus. My heart says Amen to it a thousand times; for I long fully to experience the greatness of my redemption, that I may be able to love my Redeemer, with a more pure affection for his unparalleled love to me, a truly unworthy creature. I am each day

made sensible of my great unlikeness to my best Friend, whom however I try to imitate; but in the midst of all discouragements my heart cleaves to him, and can find no happiness out of him. If he pleases to take me by means of this illness, most gladly will I obey his will, and bid an everlasting adieu to all below; but if I am still to be a sojourner in this vale of tears, my only wish is, that I may truly live in his dear heart, and he in mine, that so his blessed will may be fully accomplished in me.

April 9, 1785. "I have been often ready to take up my pen since I wrote last, in order to say something of the Lord's dealings with me; but have been inwardly prevented till now. Sometimes it seems as if silence best became me; but at other times, I could almost publish aloud the marvellous loving kindness of Jesus, that others might praise him with me; for "he has delivered me from the pit of corruption, and cast all my sins behind his back." Till the end of last year I continued in a blessed connection with the sinner's Friend; no intervening cloud hid the beloved Object for one moment from my view; but all was peace within. No wonder my spirit was often winged with desire to meet him, and be with him for ever, especially as my declining health gave me reason to suppose that event could be at no great distance. Indeed this seemed to be the only thing wanting to complete my happiness. Though I was daily sensible of faults and wants, and felt myself particularly defective in point of love and heart's attachment to the suffering Saviour, my desire increased of experiencing full redemption in his blood: and at these times especially, it was much impressed on my mind that I still had a fiery trial to pass through, in which every disposition, contrary to divine love, must be consumed. I was not dismayed at this, but thought I could "go through

through the valley of the shadow of death and fear no evil, if he would stand by me and manage the process. I felt an eager desire to have full deliverance from every thing that could hinder me from attaining to his rest, and longed for a clearer manifestation of the dying love of Jesus. But previous to this, I was to have such a sight of my own heart as I little expected. Unbelief was the sin of all others that oppressed me; and as I thought the root of this had been destroyed long ago, my surprise and distress were so great in not finding it so, that I should scarcely have held fast my confidence, had it not been for the former experience of the kisses of divine love, which had been so sweet to me, that my soul seemed to be locked up in Jesus. During this period, when the searching Spirit of the Lord would fully reveal to me this mystery of iniquity, I was in continual heaviness of mind, partly because I did not understand his aim with me, but chiefly because the grand essential of religion seemed to be wanting; viz. a full and perfect reliance *only* upon the precious blood of atonement. I thought I had built upon no other foundation than this; but ah! my deceitful heart had been secretly depriving my soul's Lover of the merit of his death under the most specious appearances of inward holiness and purity of life. I imagined myself to be diving deep into the mystery of Christ crucified, by trying to imitate him in a walk and conversation suitable to a follower of the Lamb; but SELF was more the object of my attention than the great sacrifice of Jesus. I wanted to be inwardly adorned with the fruits of the Spirit, but too much neglected the divine Source from whence all real holiness must proceed, that dear Fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins. In this view of myself, I cannot describe how my soul was filled with grief. I saw plainly that my sins, this sin in particu-

lar, had wounded the Lamb of God, and made him utter those words, "Thy sins have taken such hold of me that I cannot look up;" and it was continually sounding in my ears, "Thy reproach hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness." I felt as a traitor, and could say that verse in a heart-felt sense of it,

" 'Twas not Judas sinn'd alone;
 " I've by my offences
 " Cruelty to my God shewn
 " Under love's pretences."

" My chief wish was now to be pardoned, and to experience the full application of the merits of Jesus, which I did believe could be as really imputed to me as ever my sins were to him; but his hour was not yet come of sealing this to *my* heart, though I knew it had passed in *his* long before, for he gave me many love-tokens of it, by embracing me in a very particular manner whenever I wept before him; and very often did he apply his blood so to me, that I could feel the healing virtue of it: but these manifestations were generally preceded by bitterness of soul, and deep humiliation under a sense of unbelief which still oppressed me. Every self-sufficient thought, in respect to my own attainments, appeared as depriving my Redeemer of his merits and exalting self; whereas I saw clearly that nothing but his sacrifice must be exalted in my soul. In this way I went on for some time fighting for deliverance, yet afraid of being too importunate, lest I had not properly seen the depth of the wound, and that so it might break out again. However this season was truly blessed to me: I could say, "that even my wounds, by his hands dressed, seemed sweet to me." I did not care how vile I felt myself if but his blood was my medicine. The subject of Jesu's passion came now more familiar

familiar to my heart, and I found such divine nourishment in it, that I seemed to be out of my proper element when any thing else was uppermost. In thus delighting myself in the Lord, he granted the desires of my heart. When feeling myself the most unworthy of his notice, and least expecting such a visit from him, then was he pleased in his infinite mercy to impart himself to me with all the merits of his suffering life and bitter death. I felt timorous at first, and hardly dared to call them mine; but it was as if he shewed me his nail-prints and said, "There take thy absolution full," asking if I could any longer doubt of my pardon, for that all was paid and finished when he died for me. O how thankful was my inmost soul for this revelation of the love and blood of Jesus! I was in no extatic frame, but felt a peace passing understanding. My inmost wish now is, that I may be kept in a very low humble state of mind, and never be suffered to rise higher than the cross, for I feel continually propensities of this kind. It requires grace, great grace indeed to remain in the right disposition of a poor sinner, poor in spirit, having nothing, and yet possessing all things; but that blood which can subdue all things can entirely break this heart of mine and keep it broken. I am far from thinking the work is finished; O no! as long as I remain in this world there will be still something to do; but let me feel what I will, I know that there is a remedy for every evil in his precious humanity: and I am divinely assured, that whenever he pleases to take me home he will receive my spirit to himself, when I shall spend an eternity in singing praises unto the Lamb that was slain, and has washed me from my sins in his own blood."——To conclude,

On the 16th of Feb. 1786, it was thought she was on the point of departure, but on her reviving, she said, "I thought I had been going; and if I was able to speak,

peak, I could tell you a great deal; I felt quite tranquil and serene. Early this morning I have been reading the the viiith chap. to the Romans, and cannot describe how clearly I felt its truth; "we are justified freely by his blood;" how plain it is! It never now comes into my mind to be looking to myself; we are righteous only in him; being in him there is not the least thing to be afraid of, &c." The next morning she said to her sister, "I assure you, without any compliment, my being saved, appears to me as great a miracle of mercy as possible; so that I cannot open my mouth to speak against any one: they are all better than I am." This she said with tears running down her cheeks.

March 6. Feeling herself worn down with weariness, she said, "No one can guess how greatly I feel the need of *patience*. I am now more desirous that our Saviour may grant me *that*, than remove my sufferings, for even this desire proceeds from selfishness. If *his* sufferings were but always rightly impressed on the heart, I think we might be carried above our own. In submission and patience the work will be soonest perfected." During her long and wearisome illness of four years, this vessel of grace, having been loved by Jesus in her earliest years, was loved unto the end, being taught to "shew forth the praises of him, who worketh all and in all according to the good pleasure of his own will," by the spirit of meekness, patience, love, a will absolutely resigned to her Beloved in all things, a devotion fervent, and a hope full of glory.

Some of the last testimonies of her dying thoughts are under her own hand, in a few lines written to her father, a few days before her death. She writes, "Thanks to our gracious Lord, my heart is in general kept in patient waiting for *Him*. The chief concern I feel is, lest I should retard the accomplishment
of

of his work, through unbelief, by resistance in suffering him to break me to pieces. My cry often is, that he would shew me *what he has to say against me, and sit as a Refiner to purge away all my dross.* Ah, I am a poor worm ! how glad should I be (as my late dying mother expressed it) to creep through and be saved, at any rate !

On the 29th Her weakness was extreme. " I can assure you, said she, it costs more to die than you can possibly be aware of ; it is one thing to talk of it ; but quite another to experience it.

April, 4, She was so bad in the night, that in the morning we asked her if she did not now believe her time drawing near, " I do not know, said she, but I can tell you, it requires perfect resignation ; I am obliged to give up the very desire I had about departing."

She continued quite sensible to the last. The night preceding her departure, she desired to be set upright, frequently crying out, " My sweet Jesus, come and take me, &c. &c."

On the 7th of April, in the same position, she expired, supported by those about her, during the singing of several verses of hymns suited to the occasion. And now is the weary at rest ; blessed in the vision of what eye hath not seen, and in the hearing of what ear hath not heard.

Thus departed this dear blessed young handmaid of the Lord, in the 26th year of her age, having been honored in drinking of her Saviour's cup, saying, " Not my will but thine be done.

" O righteous Father, the hour of thy handmaid's trial is now over ; that hour which thou didst fore-know and appoint from all eternity, in which she should be oppressed, enfeebled and broken to pieces in the outward man, that the inward man, being renewed, might be qualified to rise again, and be glorified with thee

thee and in thee in heaven. *Holy Father*, so thou hast willed, and so thou hast ordained, and that is now come to pass, which thou hast appointed; and glory be to thy name. O righteous *Father*, the world hath not known thee: but thou hast manifested thy name to thine handmaid; and she hath known, that this is life eternal to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. May it please thee to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; and grant that thy faithful people, following the example of all those, who through faith and patience have inherited the promises, may with them also, have their perfect consummation and bliss both in soul and body, in thine eternal glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

F. I. N. I. S.

